PZ
8
.3
.L523
Mi

FT MEADE
GenColl

N INNAMON BEAR

BY SARA TAWNEY LEFFERTS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class _____

Book _____

Copyright No. _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Mr. Cinnamon Bear

For Mildred

To Read to Her Family

Mr. Cinnamon Bear

By

SARA TAWNEY LEFFERTS

Pictures From Life

By LOUISE BACQUET

Published by THE F. A. BASSETTE COMPANY
Springfield, Mass.

PZ8
.3
.L523
Mi

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
SEP 5 1907
Copyright Entry
Aug 19,1907
CLASS A XXc., No.
185565
COPY B.

Copyright by
SARA TAWNEY LEFFERTS

DOROTHY'S TEA

Dorothy Vandevare Gives a Tea

To Introduce

Mr. CINNAMON BEAR

LKB

THE INVITATION

LITTLE Miss Dorothy Vandevare
Will be at home if the day is fair,
And she wishes to have your company
Precisely at the hour of three.
Please do her the honor, and prepare
To meet her friend,

Mr. Cinnamon Bear.

IN family council this note was read;
Old Towser growled and shook his head;
Snowball, the Duchess, fainted away,
And Jacquelin hadn't a word to say;
Mittens looked through the window-pane
And wished in her heart that it would rain.

THE invitations were handed out
To all the children round about,
To all the animals, great and small,
And black and white and short and tall,
And many replied in the highest glee
They surely would go to Dorothy's tea!

OF course some noses were in the air
And sniffed at the tone of the affair;
The Dachshund didn't like the scent,
But finally swallowed his pride and went,
For the day was fair and no one dare
Refuse
Miss Dorothy Vandevare.

THEY came in air-ships, in automobiles,
They came in boats, they came on wheels;
Even the aristocratic set
Never sent her a single regret.
The day was fair beyond compare,
And they all did honor to the
German Bear.

AND what a good time they had every-
one—
The capers they cut, the laughter and
fun;
They forgot all about their family tree
And whether of high or low degree.

THE day was fair, and they all were there,
And they hugged and kissed
Mr. Cinnamon Bear.

THEN they sent three cheers across the sea,
To a little old lady in Germany
Who started the Bears on their career,
Who fashioned them first and sent them here;
And three cheers more for their hostess fair—
For little Miss Dorothy Vandevare.

THE MASS MEETING

NOTICE

LITTLE Miss Jacquelin Vandevare
Will see you next week, foul or fair,
At the Red Meeting-House on the hill,
And she wishes you all to keep very still,
And all to take the greatest care
To say not a word to
Cinnamon Bear.

NOTICE

LKB

IN the early morn, ere the clock struck four,
The Meeting-House was filled to the door,
And everyone was ready to speak
About that foreign German freak
Which they pleased to call
Cinnamon Bear—
'Twas well for him he wasn't there.

JACQUELIN stated, in a voice high
and clear,
She seemed to have not the slightest
fear,
"Since Dorothy gave the Bears a tea
They are coming in droves across the
sea.
I ask you," she cried, "my neighbor
and friend,
Where do you think that this will
end?"

LKB

MATILDA JONES was the oldest there,
And in need of very tender care;
She took a different view of the case,
And she walked to the front with a
stately grace—
For one of her sawdust feet was gone,
And a crutch she had to lean upon.

SHE said, in a calm and quiet way,
"The Bears will only have their day.
I know that Dorothy loves me well,
And my love for her no tongue can tell;
She can do with me as seemeth best,
But I'm sadly in need of a little rest."

SOME took Matilda's view of the case,
While others turned away their face
And muttered in an under-breath,
"We'll fight those foreigners to the death."
"Me-ow," said Mittens, "I'll speak if I may,
Let us hear if Towser has something to say."

I GROWLED," said Towser, "and
shook my head
When I heard the invitation read,
But I see things now in a different
light—
No use for us to quarrel and fight;
We better adjourn this meeting now."
And he turned and went out with a
"Bow
wow
wow!"

THE Duchess was next to take the floor.

"I tell you, I hate the Bears more and more.

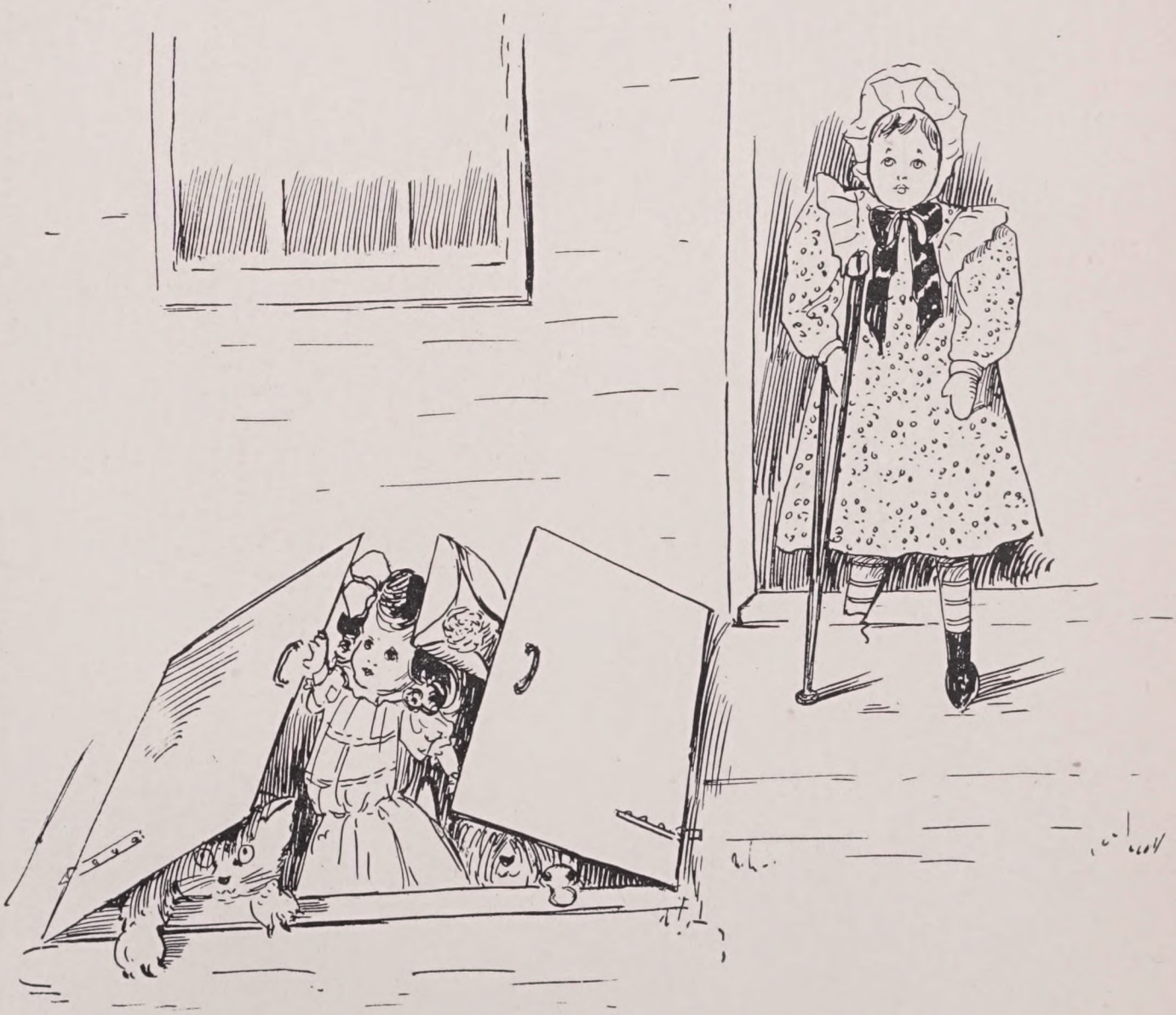
I can't go out with my mistress to play,
Because those freaks are in my way;
And I will not stoop to them, not I!"
And she fairly shrieked

"Ki hi!

Ki hi!"

THIS made the excitement fierce and intense;
They all seemed to feel more or less offense,
And all talked at once, as is often the case;
They kept it up at a lively pace.
Matilda limped out of the fearful din
Just as the roof of the house fell in!

AND like some miracle of yore
The rest escaped through the cellar door!



IN the Red Meeting-House o'er the way
All is silent and still to-day,
Save the mice that play on the floor;
And it must be a year or more
Since they met together on the hill,
And the Bears are roaming as they will.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

THE APOLOGY

WE, who sign our names, declare
We apologize to Cinnamon Bear;
We're sorry for what we had to say
In the Meeting-House last week one day,
And we will invite Mr. Bear very soon
To a Thanksgiving dinner some day at noon.

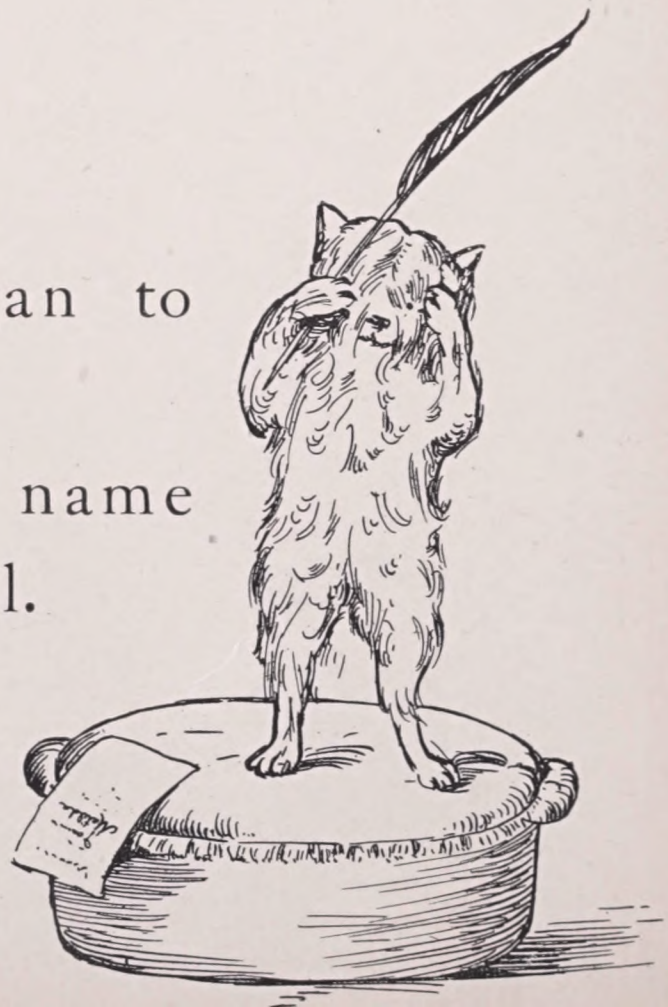
"JACQUELIN," said Dorothy, "sign this first;
The part you took was by far the worst."

MATILDA didn't need a command,
She wrote her name in a very bold
hand.

"ME-OW," said Mittens, "I shouldn't
have gone,
But Jacquelin just pulled me on."
"That's no excuse for you, my dear,
You should have said *No* more firm
and clear."

WHEN you're ready, Miss Vandevare,"
Said Towser, "I'll sign my name with
care."

The Duchess began to
grow very ill,
And signed her name
against her will.



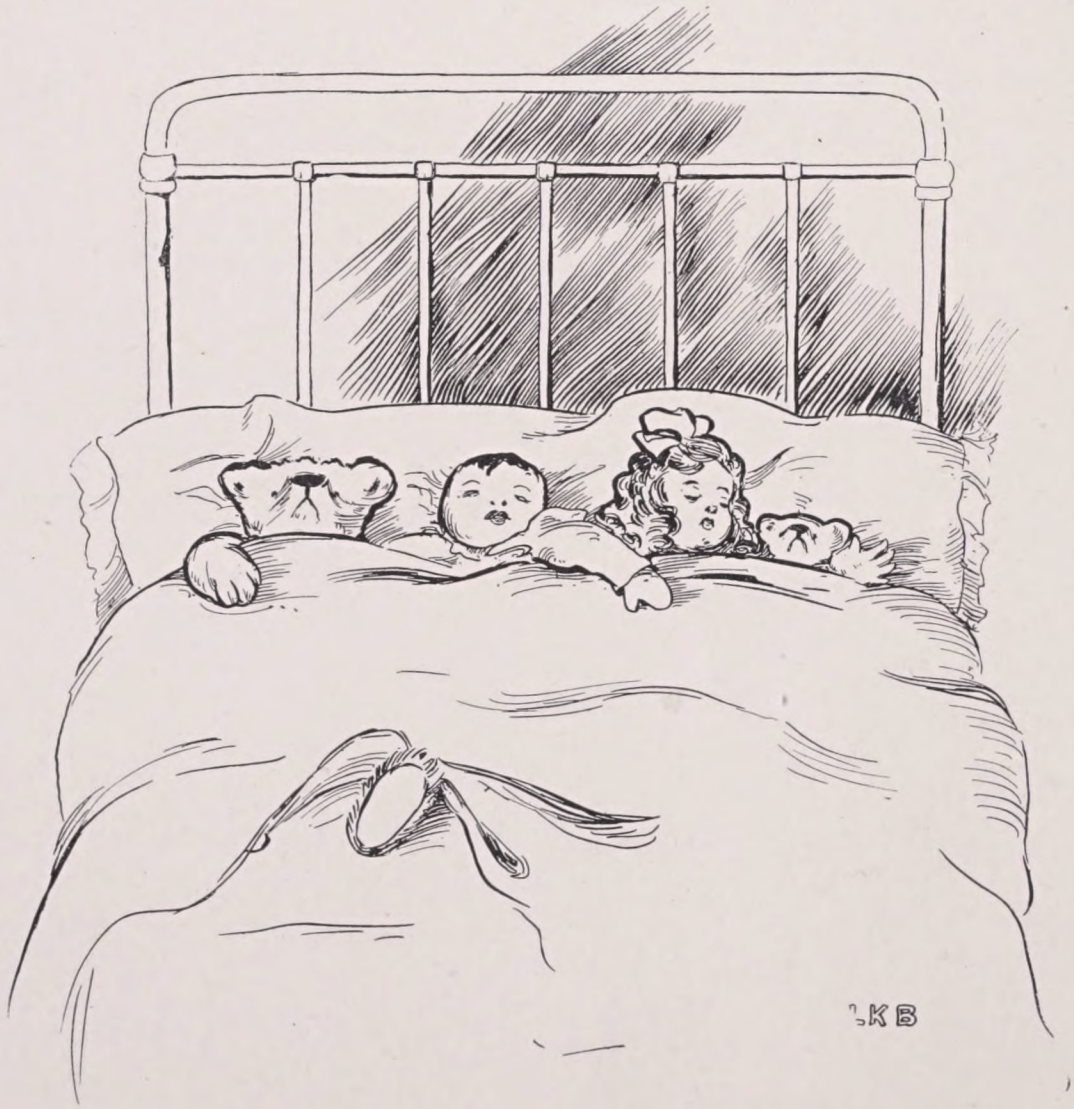
ON Thanksgiving Day, as the clock struck one,
The dinner was very promptly begun;
No one would be a minute too late,
And make a dinner party wait.
They sat down quietly on the chairs,
And the place of honor was given the Bears.

FOR a minute or so all heads were bowed,
Then they began to talk out loud.
Dorothy gave them good things to eat,
A little candy, fruit and meat;
They had milk, and water from the lake;
No tea or coffee to keep them awake.

THEY held their forks the proper way,
And nothing dropped on the floor
that day.

They kept their lips closed while they
ate,
And they didn't find fault with things
on their plate.

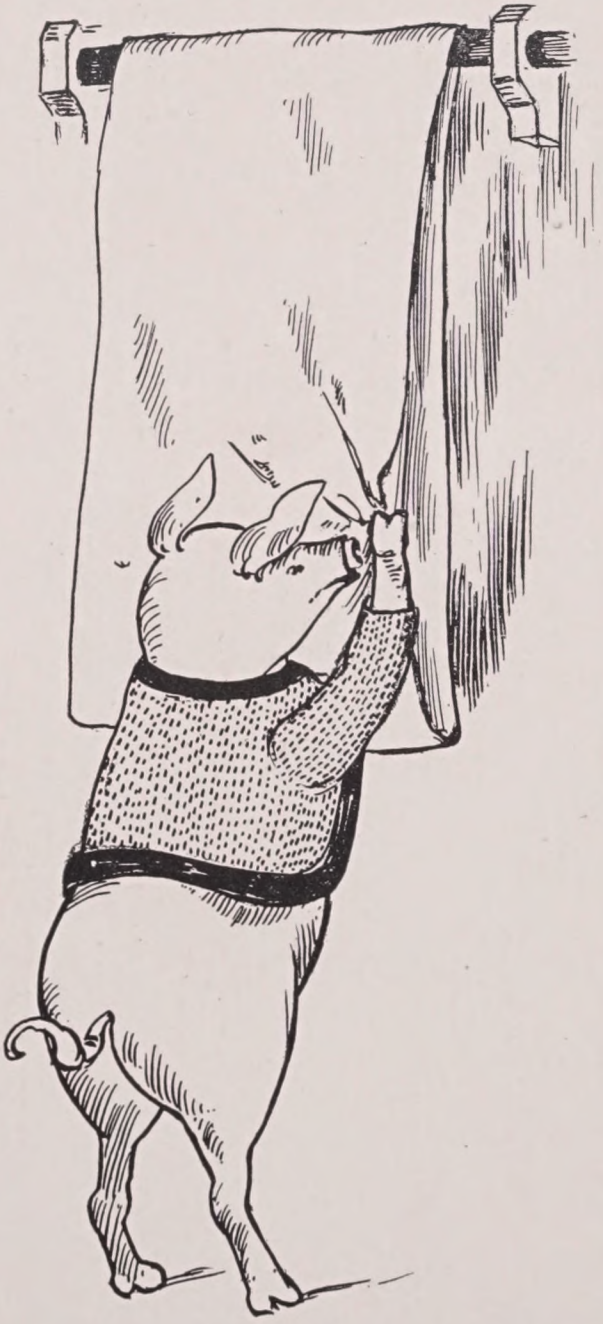
THEY didn't swallow their food in bites,
And that's why they all slept good at nights.



THE mice nibbled away at the cheese;
They said *Thank you* and *If you please.*
They may have asked a question or two,
But waited until the rest were through.
They ate what was served them, nothing more—
I never *saw* such manners before.

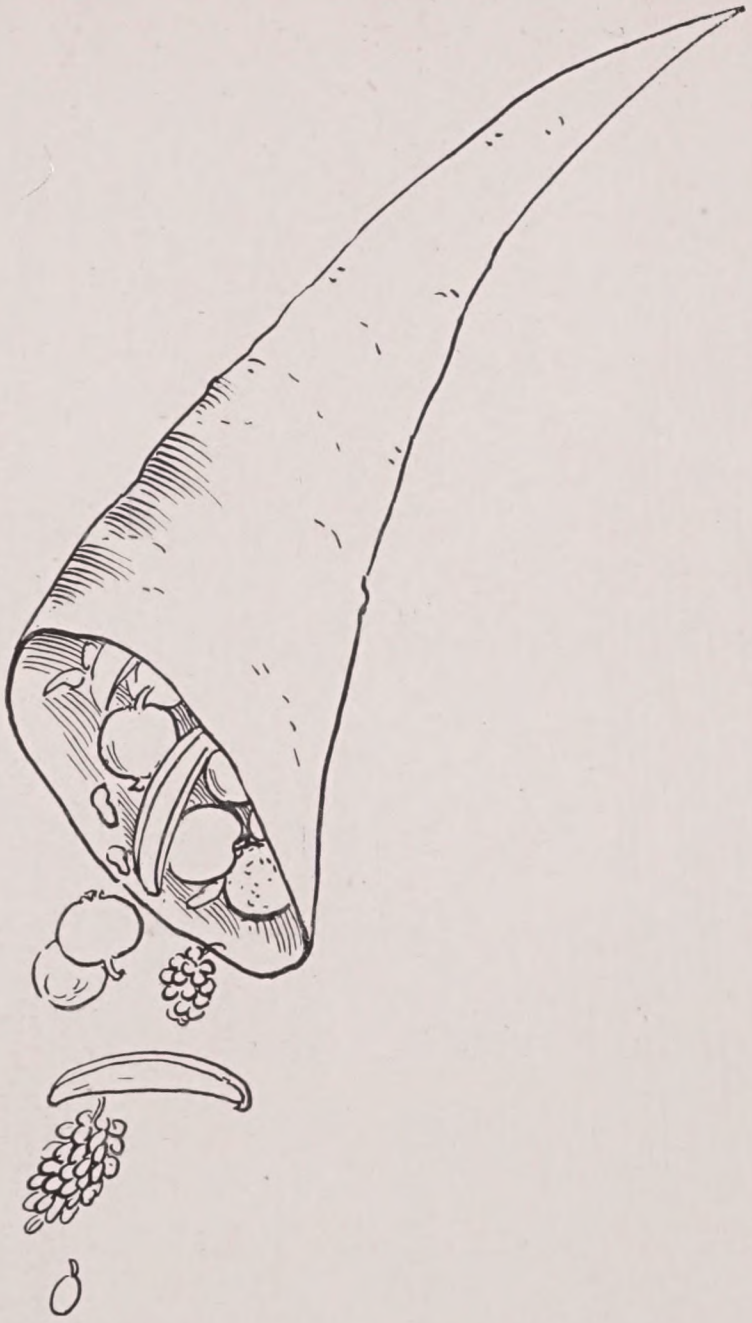
ME-OW," said Mittens, "more, if you
please,"
Then quickly she turned away to
sneeze,
When in rushed Pigwig through the
door;
This caused a laugh and a great
uproar.
He was not only late to dinner, you
see,
But was dirty as a pig could be.

DOROTHY felt so ashamed of him,
And she tried to quiet the noise and din.



"You'll find a towel behind the door,
Now don't come in that way any more."

THEY talked about Jacquelin's "Coming-Out Tea,"
And they all listened attentively
When Towser said what he thought of war;
He hoped they wouldn't *fight* any more.
The Duchess didn't agree with him quite,
But she listened to him with all her might.



THEN each had a word of thanks and
praise
For their many blessings and pros-
perous days.

IF it please you all, and my hostess fair,
I would like to speak," said the German Bear.

"I'm glad the good Queen Isabel
Sold the jewels she loved so well,
That sent Columbus across the sea;
I'm glad that Washington made you free."

I BEG to announce," he said with a bow,

"America is my country now;
My service is here, at her command,
Though I dearly love my fatherland."

NOW that was the first that Cinnamon spoke—
They all could see it wasn't a joke;
Even the Duchess bowed to the floor,
And silence reigned a minute or more,
Then three cheers for their hostess fair,
For little Miss Dorothy Vandevare!

THE afternoon program was begun
With music and song and dancing and fun.
The seconds and minutes seemed to fly—
Then they thanked their hostess and said "Good-bye."
But when they all were ready to go
The automobiles stood there in a row.

DOROTHY knew it would give them delight
To behold the autos there in sight.
They went over mountain, they went over mead,
But kept within the limit of speed,
For if a land turtle should go past
They would kill him, if they went too fast.

THEY rode as long as the day was light,
Then all gave thanks in church that night.

SEP 5 1907

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00020883443